

AT THE TOUCH OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

(A Drama in Five Acts)

**The Gita Press, Gorakhpur
(INDIA)**

AT THE TOUCH OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

(A drama in five Acts)

*Adapted from Rūpa-Saṅālana, a Bengali drama
by Girishchandra Ghosh.*

By a Devotee

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**AT THE TOUCH OF
THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE**



TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

The late Girishchandra Ghosh is aptly called the father of the Bengali stage. Both as an actor and as a playwright his position in Bengal still remains unrivalled. His life was metamorphosed on his coming into contact with Sri Ramakrishna, the great saint of Dakshineswar, and the influence of that personality is perceptible even in the dramas he wrote subsequently. *Rupa-Sanatan* is one of his dramas which are very popular with the religious-minded public. In it is shown how at the call of Sri Chaitanya, the Prophet of Nadia, many gave up their all and followed him, and how under his influence *as at the touch of the Philosopher's Stone* many lives were transformed. We have translated the drama for the benefit of the English-knowing readers. The translation has purposely been made free, and at places we have taken the liberty to make slight changes in the plot to suit the Western minds not acquainted with Indian thought and culture.





दत्तदत्तः दत्तदेवः दत्तदेवः दत्तदेवः ।
 दत्तदेवः दत्तदेवः दत्तदेवः दत्तदेवः ॥
 (दत्तदेवः दत्तदेवः)

INTRODUCTION

The drama "At the Touch of the Philosopher's Stone", which is being presented before the reader, attempts to portray a portion of the life of Śrī Sanātana Goswami, the celebrated Vaisṇava saint of Bengal. Upon him and his younger brother Śrī Rūpa Goswami devolved the function of carrying the torch of faith and devotion on the disappearance from the earth of Śrī Chaitanya Mahāprabhu and his prominent lieutenants, who created the *Bhakti* upheaval in Bengal in the sixteenth century. To Sanātana Goswami and his brother belongs the credit of reviving the memory of the sacred places in Vṛndāvana associated with the various Līlas of Bhagavan Śrī Kṛṣṇa, which through passage of time had fallen into desuetude, and of recording and preserving the teachings of Śrī Chaitanya Mahāprabhu, and bringing them into a system. Śrī Sanātana, Śrī Rūpa, and their nephew Śrī Jīva, the celebrated philosopher, were three out of the six original Āchāryas of the Bengal (Gauḍīya) school of Vaisṇavism.

The transformation brought about in the lives of Śrī Sanātana and Śrī Rūpa through contact with Śrī Chaitanya Mahāprabhu was nothing short of a miracle. Those were days of heroic achievements in the domain of

spirituality and devotion under the inspiration of the great Master, Śrī Chaitanya Mahāprabhu. Holding the highest offices of the State under the then independent Muslim king of Bengal, Sultan Hossain Shah, both the brothers kicked aside their position, power, wealth and family ties and embraced the life of a mendicant at the sacred call of their beloved Master. Sanātana was thrown into prison by the enraged Nawab for refusal to continue to act as the Wazir (Prime Minister) of the State. But this persecution of the king, instead of throttling, added to the intensity of the stream of divine love which had been opened up within his heart by the magic touch of Śrī Chaitanya Mahāprabhu. He managed to escape from prison, and under instruction from the Master settled in Vṛndāvana as an humble mendicant and played a prominent part through his writings and spiritual discipline in the resuscitation of Vaiṣṇavism in Bengal.

The first meeting of the two brothers with Śrī Chaitanya, which prepared the ground for the incidents portrayed in this drama, is described thus in the *Śrī Chaitanya Charitāmṛta*—

*An authoritative Biography of Śrī Chaitanya Mahāprabhu written by Śrī Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāyaṇa

Śrī Chaitanya Mahāprabhu came to Bengal from Puri (Jagannath Dhām) on his way to Vṛndavana. He came up to the village Ramkeli near the city of Gaur, the then capital city of the province. He was accompanied by all his friends and devotees in Bengal and a huge crowd of visitors anxious to have a *darshan* of him for their purification. "Wherever the Lord's feet touched the ground during the journey, the people picked up the dust for placing it on their heads, which made holes on the road throughout the way." He arrived thus at Ramkeli in an 'unconscious state through ecstasy', where several lakhs of people assembled 'to see his divine feet'. The Muslim king of Gaur, hearing about this vast concourse of people,

Goswami. The book was completed in 1537 Saka era, 1615 A. D. The author of the book, Śrī Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja, was privileged to sit at the feet of Śrī Sanātana, Śrī Rupa, and the four other Acharyas, viz., Jīva Goswami, Gopala Bhatta, Raghunatha Bhatta and Raghunatha Dasa. The book preserves the teachings of these Acharyas in a consolidated form. The biographical facts in the book were gathered from the lips of these Acharyas who (excepting Śrī Jīva Goswami) were all direct disciples of Śrī Chaitanya Mahāprabhu.

said in astonishment, "when such a huge crowd followed him without any worldly interest or hope of monetary reward, he must be a divine personality indeed." He issued orders to Kazis and government officers not to molest Śrī Chaitanya and allow him to go wherever he chose. Summoning Keśava Chhatri, (a military officer), the king made further enquires; but the Chhatri ridiculed the whole report saying that an ordinary mendicant was going on pilgrimage and only a few people sometimes went to visit him. Thus assuring the king, the Chhatri sent a Brahman messenger and requested Śrī Chaitanya to leave the place lest he might be molested by the Muslim king. Then the king privately asked Dabirkhās (court name of Śrī Rūpa) about it, who explained to him the glory of Śrī Chaitanya. The king said Śrī Chaitanya appeared to him to be a divine personality, and so saying retired to the inner apartments. Dabirkhās (Rūpa) then came to his brother Sakar Mallik (Sanātana). The two brothers held consultation in private, and at dead of night started in disguise (changing their dress) to see Śrī Chaitanya. They first met Śrī Nityānanda and Śrī Haridāsa, and these two went and informed Śrī Chaitanya of their arrival. The two brothers approached the Lord in great humility holding two blades of grass by their teeth (an objective expression

better than animals living on grass). On approaching Śrī Chaitanya, the two brothers fell prostrate at his feet and began to weep. They were overwhelmed by emotion and ecstasy. Śrī Chaitanya repeatedly requested them to rise and take their seats, and assured them that their spiritual future was secured. The two brothers expressed their humility and heart's desire through utterance of the following verses:—

मत्तुल्यो नास्ति पापात्मा नापराधी च कश्चन ।

परिहारेऽपि लज्जा मे किं ब्रूवे पुरुषोत्तम ॥

“O supreme Purusa, there is no greater sinner, no greater criminal than I. What more shall I say, I feel ashamed even to approach you with a prayer for absolution of my sins.”

They said they were greater sinners than even Jagai and Madhai whose sins were rather superficial as compared to theirs.

न मृषा परमार्थमेव मे
शृणु विशापनमेकमप्रतः ।

यदि मे न दयिष्यते तदा
दयनीयस्तत्र नाथ दुर्लभः ॥

“Lord, kindly hear first this submission— it is not untrue, but verily true, that if you do

not shower grace upon me, a proper subject for showering grace will become scarce to you."

भवन्तमेवानुचरन्निन्तरं

प्रशान्तनिश्चेषमनोरथान्तरः ।

कदाहमैकान्तिकनित्यकिङ्करः

प्रदर्शयिष्यामि सनाथजीवितम् ॥

"Lord, when will the day come to me when through service of your sacred feet all the faculties of the mind will become entirely submissive to you, and I, becoming a whole-hearted, eternal servant, shall realize the goal of life and attain bliss."

Mahāprabhu Śrī Chaitanya said—"Hear, O Dabirkhas, you two are my old associates, I give you the names of Rūpa-Sanātana from to-day; leave this extreme humbleness of spirit, your humbleness cuts my heart sunder; I received the letters you sent me from time to time, I know your heart from those letters. This is my advice to you, take your lesson for regulation of conduct from the following verse in the *Vasiṣṭha-Ramāyaṇa*":—

परम्यन्निनी नारी व्यग्रानि पश्यन्मु ।

सदेवासादव्ययमननं वसन्तमायनम् ॥

"A woman attached to a paramour, though engaged in household duties,

mentally goes on enjoying the pleasures of newer and newer contact with the lover."

Then, continued Śrī Chaitanya—"I came here only to meet you both and had no other business to come near Gaur. This secret of my heart was known to no one else, and people enquired of each other with surprise why I came to Rāmkeli at all. I am very happy that you two came to me. You should now return home and entertain no fear in heart. Śrī Kṛṣṇa will soon liberate you both." Saying this, Śrī Chaitanya placed both his hands on the heads of the two brothers, who placed their heads at his feet. Śrī Chaitanya then requested all his principal associates to give their blessings to the two brothers.

At the time of parting Śākar Mallik (Śaṅkara) with great humility made a submission—"Lord, it is better you leave this place, it is not advisable that you stay here longer. Although the king expressed admiration for you, still he is a Muslim and may change his mind. It is not desirable that such a huge crowd should follow you during a pilgrimage. To be followed by lakhs and lakhs of people, that does not appear a suitable way of making a visit to Vṛndāvana."

Śrī Chaitanya thought over this hint of Śaṅkara at night and decided to cancel for

representatives of the living soul. The story of the austere *sādhana* of Rūpa-Sanātana at Vṛndāvana has been handed down from generation to generation as a holy tradition. *Śrī Chaitanya-Charitāmṛta* says:—

अनिकेतन दोहे रहे यत वृक्षगण ।
 एकेक-वृक्षे तले एकेकरात्रि शयन ॥
 विप्रग्रहे स्थूलभिक्षा काहों माधुकरी ।
 शुष्क रुटी चाना चावाय भोग परिहरि ॥
 करोवामात्र हाथे कांथा छिडा बहिर्वास ।
 कृष्णकथा कृष्णनाम नर्तन उग्रस ॥
 अष्टग्रहर कृष्णभजन चारि दण्ड शयने ।
 नाम सङ्कीर्तने सेहो नहे कोन दिने ॥
 कभु भक्तिरसशास्त्र करये लिखन ।
 चैतन्य कथा सुने करये चैतन्यचिन्तन ॥

"Without any habitation they live like trees, spending one night under the shelter of one tree. They live either on ration procured through begging from Brahman householders or on *Madhukari* (getting food by small quantities from householders as the bee gathers honey from flowers), chewing dry, rough pan cakes or gram and renouncing all sense of gratification through taste. With a water-vessel made out of dried cucumber and a few rags in hand for covering or use as wearing apparel, they go about dancing and chanting the name of Śrī Kṛṣṇa. They spend all the eight watches of the day and night in *Bhajan* (worship of Śrī Kṛṣṇa),

four Daśāś (nearly one hour and minutes) in sleep; but this last item is sometimes omitted owing to their being pre-occupied with *Nāma-Kīrtana* (singing God's Name). Occasionally they spend time in writing treatises on *Pihatti*, or hearing about or meditation on Śrī Chaitanya.

The present publication cannot pretend to satisfy either the literary or artistic standards of a modern drama. There are scenes which may appear lacking in naturalness to the modern mind. People unacquainted with the broad outline of the spiritual philosophy underlying the conceptions of Śrī Rāma and Śrī Kṛṣṇa may miss even the spiritual message and import of the climax. These difficulties notwithstanding, the drama is presented before the public with the hope and expectation that out of respect at least for the great and noble life of the heroes of the drama people will try to probe into the secret of the truth and spiritual message which inspired that life and brought it to final fruition. With regard to the question of naturalness, the only plea we may submit is that the drama deals with characters who were all more or less God-intoxicated to whom God and things pertaining to God appeared more real than the objective world and its relations.

Hanumanprasad Podda

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ERI CHAITANYA DEVA (Lord Gouranga)

SANATANA (Mallik) Nawab's Wazir.

RUPA, brother to Sanatana.

VALLABHA (ANUPAMA), brother to Sanatana

ISHAN, servant to Sanatana.

SUBUDDHI, a Zemindar of Gour.

JIVANA CHAKRAVARTY, a Brahman of Gour.

HOSSAIN SHAH, Nawab of Gour.

RAMDIN, Jailor.

NASEER KHAN, a jail guard.

SRIKANTA, a relation of Sanatana.

ALAKA, wife to Sanatana

KARUNA, wife to Rupa.

VISAKHA, wife to Vallabha.

Devotees, Guard, Officers, Dacoit, some
lady devotees, Priest's child, etc;







is Ah ! how sweet it is. Holy Ganges, you have travelled across many a land; can you say if my Lord is calling me ? Mother, thou Love Incarnate, give me love, give me devotion to the Lord. Mother Ganges, give me dispassion, ah ! give me dispassion. Mother, I besmear myself with the holy earth of thy banks. Bless me, that I may some day roll on in the holy dust of Vindāvanī this way.

[Begins to roll.

Enter ISHAN

ISHAN—Sir, let you just go home; the whole day you have been starving. Mother calls you.

SANĀTANA—Ishan ! well, Ishan ! just listen, somebody is calling me. Hark ! there is the sweet call. My Lord calls me. I will go; yes, I will go, but to my Lord—no longer can I remain at home. Hark ! there is the call from my Lord. Do you hear ?

ISHAN—Sir, it is getting dark; now make way for home. To-day at least ten times came the bearer from the Nawab to call you.

SANĀTANA—My Lord, Thy servant is in chains—Nawab's work, household work, whom to leave to ? Dear Rūpa was at rest leaving them to me; Vallabha played

me a nice trick; they are Sadhus—God's grace has been on them ! But whom can I hand over this heavy responsibility to ? Ah, again I hear the call—my Lord is calling me. This very day I shall bid good-bye to Nawab's work.

[*Exeunt both*

Enter JIVANA.

JIVANA—The curse of a Brahman ! Sure as anything it has taken effect. And why should it not ? Is there no God ? I did curse him, and the wretch has now surely gone mad. Else why should he be rolling on earth ? Now ! Thou pet child of a Mussalman ! Who will now do your work of a Wazir ?

Enter SUBUDDHI

SUBUDDHI—What ! Is it Chakravarty ?

JIVANA—Have you heard, dear uncle, that the villain has gone mad ?

SUBUDDHI—Whom do you mean ?

JIVANA—Well, that wretch who is a disgrace to his Brahman birth.

SUBUDDHI—Indeed ! Is it the case with Mallik ?

JIVANA—Yes.

So a woman. So I found him beset with
Jant and a servant holding him as he passed
along like a drunkard.

JIVANA—Dear uncle, I wish you had seen
that fun! For a while he bent his chest, then
for sometime was giving a blink look at
the sky, then rolled as if possessed by a
ghost.

So a multitude of things you can wonder! Oh!
it has been a most tedious business with
the *śrīmad-bhāgavatam*. You do not
know how much of a masquerading
and a *śrīmad-bhāgavatam* religion. By the way,
it is not your home.

JIVANA—What can it be? You have told the
story indeed! These hypocrites hide their
faces underneath. That fellow, Rūpa,
has given up everything; I thought he
would put in a word for me, so I went all
the way to Vṛndāvana to request him.

ŚRĪMĀNUJ—With what result?

JIVANA—What can you expect? He gave me a
scrap of paper with something scribbled on it.

ŚRĪMĀNUJ—What a fool you are! You ought
to have come to me first.

JIVANA—Why? I went to everyone in the
village.

SUBBUDDHI—Had you come to me, I could set the matter right in no time. And this office of Wazir ! Do you know under whose auspices he got the job ? That fellow, I mean who has now become Nawab Hussain Shah, once held a petty office under me ! Even now there is evidence of that.

JIVANA—Well, I drew a deed as I borrowed the money.

SUBBUDDHI—How much money ?

JIVANA—Six thousand. And, dear uncle, I, the son of a Brahman, borrowed the money compelled by difficulties; but is that any reason why he should demand it constantly ? One day I lost temper, indeed, and abused him. I would not hide facts. Do you know what this wretch was saying ? He asked me to give him away my dwelling-place, as he required the extension of his house. This fellow will surely go to dogs. He will become a street-beggar and even then would not get alms.

SUBBUDDHI—Mere abuse will serve no purpose. Can you do one thing ?

JIVANA—Just suggest what. Perhaps the only way out is to steal the document.

SUBBUDDHI—Well, having intelligence, every-

thing can be done. Will you be able to do what I suggest?

JIVANA—Tell me what to do. Yes, I will.

SUBBUDDHI—Can you, really?

JIVANA—Yes, I am up to anything if I can thereby save my house.

SUBBUDDHI—See whether you will really be able

JIVANA—Oh yes, surely I will.

SUBBUDDHI—Say you this standing on the bank of the Ganges!

JIVANA—Well, I will not deviate an inch from what I am saying.

SUBBUDDHI—Just make a deed of gift of the place in my favour. I shall return it to you, when it is released, along with the document.

JIVANA—To make a deed of gift of the dwelling-place!

SUBBUDDHI—Yes, that is what is needed. For you cannot hope to succeed in quarrel with him. And you need not fear anything from your uncle. Indeed I make no parade of my religiousness, but nevertheless I am a householder unattached to the world.

JIVANA—Dear uncle, no use of drawing a deed. Just tell me what to do; I shall be a match for him in fight.

SUBBUDDHI—Oh, I see; there has come suspicion in you—a creeping suspicion. Well, draw the deed or not—you may do what you please, but let me tell you about myself in all frankness. I live in this world only for the suppression of the wicked and to teach the world that there is nothing better than a householder's life. Śrī Kṛṣṇa lived a life of unattachment in the world; I am also doing the same for the destruction of the wicked and the protection of the virtuous. Do you know why I required the deed of gift from you? If there is any litigation over the land, money will be required. But nobody will give you money; I also cannot spend money over it from my own pocket. So I will mortgage the land and borrow money to pay the cost of litigation. Am I not right? What do you say?

JIVANA—Ah, dear uncle, what use of going to law when I have bound myself by putting my own thumb-impression on the deed of loan?

SUBBUDDHI—Well, do I ask you to conduct the case, or do I ever go to the Court

of a life's labour? This money paid him to
to work for me. So there is a way out
but you will not listen to that.

JIVANA—How can you say it is?

CHANDANA—Then should I say the right
thing?

JIVANA—What else?

CHANDANA—Then listen! They will perform
a rite of atonement to regain their caste.
You know it is rumoured that they have
become Musulmans. They have made all
arrangements for this rite, going from house
to house and paying money to everyone in
the village to get their sanction. This work
will have to be quick.

JIVANA—How?

SURUNDHI—I shall tell you. Do you know
indeed the fact that Rûpa's wife has gone
astray?

JIVANA—Ah, can it be true?

SURUNDHI—Why do not you spread the news
first? Enquire whether it is true or false,
afterwards.

JIVANA—You are a nice fellow, dear uncle.
They will take my head through the Nawab.

SUBBUDDHI—Already I knew that you would be found wanting.

JIVANA—How can I, indeed, spread a falsehood, eh !

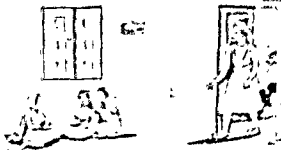
SUBBUDDHI—Well, do you want any other evidence ?

JIVANA—Yes, if you can show me personally, I am ready to do everything you ask me to.

SUBBUDDHI—Then come along I will show you when she goes out through the window.

[*Exeunt both.*





SCENE II.

(Dumakunda's House—Zenana.)

Enter ALAKĀ, KARUNĀ and VIĀKĪHĪ.

ALAKĀ—Why, Viākhā, too? I wanted to say something to Karuṇā privately.

KARUNĪ—What harm if she also remains?

ALAKĀ—No, dear sister; she is too young. Better she does not hear.

KARTYĪ—If she does not hear now, I shall

tell her everything afterwards. Just tell me what you want.

ALAKĀ—Well, sister, have you gone mad ?

KARUNĀ—No, dear sister. I have not become mad, but have been made so.

ALAKĀ—Shame upon you ! Are you determined to bring disgrace to the family ?

KARUNĀ—I know not what family is, dear sister, that I shall bring disgrace to it. I am drifting in mid-ocean without any sight of land.

ALAKĀ—Why are you so very perturbed ? The husband goes abroad—takes to *Sannyāsa*—and at the worst dies; what does any good lady do at that ? She weeps within doors and takes the name of the Lord.

KARUNĀ—And she for whom her husband has left a new husband ?

ALAKĀ—Dear Karuna, I am just like a mother unto you and so I speak all this. We have no mother-in-law. If we take any false step, who is there to mend our conduct ? You do not consider this and so your behaviour is such. You dress finely and go out at dead of night. If people come to know of it, we shall have to hide our face in shame.

KṚPĀ—I will give you my heart as a
pledge of my devotion.

KṚPĀ—But your husband has a daughter
as you have a daughter as might be expected.

KṚPĀ—That is what I was going to say
but you stopped me. My husband has
chosen me a new husband.

KṚPĀ—Dear sister, it is my earnest prayer
for you. My husband is already half dead
because of the separation of his two hearts.
To all but it, if any state regarding you is
existent, he will make an end of himself.

KARUṆA—He knows full well that I
following the direction of my husband
shall hear you further tomorrow. I
already like today. So I go.

ALAKĪ—Where do you go at this hour
night?

[KARUṆA and VINAYAKA go, together.]

*He bewitches the heart in many a way
and dances sweet dance*

*You can hear the very sound, while thousand
bees sing His praise and we are enchanted.*

*He goes along tripping, sometimes lost in ecstacy
with tears trickling down His eyes. He calls
name of Rādhā,*

As like a cloud dark with lightning p.

ALAKĀ—Viśākha—Viśākha, thou too ?

VIŚĀKHĀ—Yes, I also have got my Beloved.

ALAKĀ—Why are you not also finely dressed ?

VIŚĀKHĀ—I am directed to be in the dress of a
Sannyāsini to-day.

ALAKĀ—What, what is it ?

VIŚĀKHĀ—What ?

ALAKĀ—Have you no sense of hate, fear or
shame ?

VIŚĀKHĀ—So long as one has these three, one
cannot attain the Beloved.

ALAKĀ—I cannot understand your jugglery of
words—do just as you please. I shall soon
leave this house and go away to my father
I cannot be a party to all this.

KARUṢĀ—Dear sister, please do not get angry
What shall I tell you ? And you will not
also understand, if told. But know it for
certain, my whole mind is given to One
without a second.

ALAKĀ—But then, where do you go ?

KARUṢĀ—To my Beloved

ALAKĀ—Why, your husband is said to be in
Vṇḍavana, or is he hidden somewhere ?

KARUṢĀ—He is everywhere. Let me go I can
wait no more.

ALAKĀ—Dear Ishan, you follow him again, in secret, and try anyhow to bring him back

ISHAN—No, there is no chance for that. He is no longer the same man; now he is stark mad. All right, let me go and try if I can bring him.

[*Exit Ishan.*

ALAKĀ—I do not know what is in store for me. Dear Gouranga, my Lord, excuse this woman if she has done anything wrong. Please remove her fear; do not set aside the earnest entreaties of one who is helpless. What is it? Why does this portrait seem to be moving? Ah! the picture of Gouranga seems to smile. Shall I also go mad? Ah, it speaks through the eyes. My body is shuddering. I am afraid to remain in this room.

[*Exit Alakā.*



ALAKĀ—Viśakhā, you are also to go ?

VIŚAKHĀ—I also cannot help going—too much I feel the attraction.

[*Exeunt Karuṇā and Viśakhā.*

ALAKĀ—This is simply the wickedness of spoilt women. I should no longer keep this from my husband.

Enter ISHAN.

ISHAN—Mother ! as far as my reading of the master goes, he will not long remain in the family life. He goes to the Ganges, rolls on there in dust and goes on crying aloud "Gouranga", "Gouranga". Anyhow I managed to bring him toward home, but there came a fresh trouble.

ALAKĀ—What, what is that ? Did Gouranga come to ruin us ? Dear Lord, you are full of kindness, I have heard; but, then, are you to turn me into a *Sannyāsini* ?

ISHAN—Mother Viśakhā and Karuṇā along with some ladies were going somewhere singing—and he also followed them. I wanted to accompany—but got such a hard rebuke that I dared not proceed further. He got so enraged that I feared he would commit something terrible.

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{ *Exit Alakā*





SCENE III.

A Temple

*Enter KARUṆĀ, VIŚĀKHĀ and some other ladies
and engage themselves in worship.*

Enter SANĀTANA.

SANĀTANA—[*Aside*] Are these angels performing the worship of Śrī Chaitanya ?

KARUṆĀ—Are all flowers ready ?

VIŚĀKHĀ—Yes, everything is ready.

[*They perform worship, sing and recite hymns.*

FIRST LADY—Let us not disturb Śrī Chaitanya any more.

SECOND LADY—Yes, it is getting towards dawn. In a little while the priest will come and perceive us.

[*Exeunt all except Sanātana.*

SANĀTANA—They are blessed indeed. Blessed indeed is one who has got devotion to Śrī Chaitanya. My Lord, how long am I to be in this worldly life? And why should I be anxious at all? The wives of my brothers are great devotees. My wife—she also will be one like them through their influence.

Enter VALLABHA.

Well! Is it Vallabha? Vallabha, how is my Lord, Śrī Chaitanya,—Chaitanya who is dearer than my life?

[*They greet each other.*

VALLABHA—It is from him I have come. Rûpa and I went to him. Oh! What a kindness! The Lord embraced us and in words sweet and affectionate asked, "How is my dear Sanātana?" You are blessed indeed—being so much in the thought of one whom even Śiva cannot attain by meditation!

SANĀTANA—What do you say, dear Vallabha! I see my part here that I am sunk in worldlyness. Can I expect to have the sight of my Lord again?

VALLABHA—Dear brother, you have so much devotion! As a lotus leaf is untouched by water, so you will be ever unstained by worldliness. You are so very dear to Chaitanya!

SANĀTANA—And, why give this false hope any more? Tell me what Rūpa is doing.

VALLABHA—He is immersed in meditation on the lotus-feet of the Lord.

SANĀTANA—And compare how vile I am! Day and night I think of worldly things. You are Sadhna. You have renounced all worldly desires. Who will save me from the clutches of my 'Karma'?

VALLABHA—A devotee like you need not get perturbed. Śrī Chaitanya is all-in-all to you and his devotees have nothing to fear from the mighty ocean of 'Māya' in this world. In time everything will get right.

SANĀTANA—Well, if one need not fear anything from the world, why have you left it and are in tatters?

VALLABHA—Alas, to see that great *Sannyāsī*—

Śrī Chaitanya—clad in loin-cloth is to feel a burning thirst for his mode of life. When Śrī Chaitanya himself has shaven his head and become a *Sannyāsī*, can anyone have the mind to remain in the world ?

SANĀTANA—Vallabha, then I, too, shall take to a Sannyāsī's robe. This dress is pricking me all over. The beautiful body of my Lord is clothed in tatters and should I be dressed in a royal robe ? Vallabha, just give me the right kind of advice. The Nawab has placed every responsibility of the State upon me and he has got enemies all round. How can I leave in difficulties him who gave me nice shelter ? Vallabha, tell me a way how I also can renounce everything.

VALLABHA—Brother, you need not get anxious. Śrī Chaitanya himself will show you the way.

SANĀTANA—Would that the Nawab himself left me ! Then I can be free. Well, you took it into your head to come; does Rūpa ever remember me ?

VALLABHA—It is he who has sent me to you. It is his request—because even now he has got the sense of possession,—that all his properties, standing as they do in the way

carried off as by a mighty current. You need not get anxious.

[*Begins to sing.*

*When the storm will come, everything will be
swept away.*

*Endless ocean it is, hard to swim across:
Who can expect to search the land beyond ?
First arise mild ripples and there is the play
of hopes and fear, doubts and misgivings.
Slowly they turn into huge waves covering
both banks and the current becomes hard
to resist.*

*Mysterious, indeed, are the waves of Ocean
of Love.*

[*Exeunt.*



carried off as by a mighty current. You
need not get anxious.

[*Begins to sing.*]

*When the storm will come, everything will be
swept away.*

Indians cannot be said to come here.

Who can expect to see the land beyond?

*First arise mild ripples and there is the play
of kegs and great dents and whispering.*

*Slowly they turn into huge waves roaring
dark lands and the current becomes hard
to resist.*

*Whispering indeed are the waves at dawn
at late*

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT TWO



an early age? I say, please tell me for-
why is it that you have left home.

VALLABHA—There came the call from
Lord, and this humble servant could not
resist it.

SUBUDDHI—Well, why do not give out the
real thing? Is it due to the fact that he
wants to deprive you of the share of your
ancestral property? If that be so, why do
not you tell me? I know all that your father
possessed. You were living in a joint family;
how can you then be cheated!

VALLABHA—Oh Lord! Merciful Father, have
pity upon this old fellow; without Your
grace there is no hope of his recovery from
the mire of worldliness.

[Begins to go.]

SUBUDDHI—Well, why do you go away?

VALLABHA—I have long left my Lord, sir; I
can no longer wait.

SUBUDDHI—Yes, I understand; you have got
aversion for the world. But then why do
you go away? Why don't you do me a good
turn before you leave?

VALLABHA—What power have I? You pray to
the Lord. He will help you.

Twenty-six

SUBUDDHI—You yourself are my Lord; your grace is sufficient for me. Not much, only put your signature on this blank sheet of paper kindly.

VALLABHA—I am a beggar, why signature from me ?

SUBUDDHI—Well, on your part you have given up everything. What harm, then, if an old man like me gets something.

VALLABHA—You know my brother, Sanātana; he will help you.

SUBUDDHI—I said all this for your good only. Do you know that nobody will take food at Sanātana's house ? Too much presumptuous you have all become ! Know me to be in opposition from to-day. Your wife and that of Rûpa, if these two remain in that house, nobody will step in there. It is no longer a secret that they roam about at night finely attired.

VALLABHA—Ah, my Lord, this old man is sunk in delusion; please give him the light of knowledge.

[*Exit Vallabha.*

SUBUDDHI—These fellows are too cunning; their idea is that with money they will do everything. What a fool Chakravarty was,

and also what a mistake the Brahmans
Uttarpara did! Oh, there he comes. A
what is it? Is he in collusion with the
servant of Sanatana? No, not that; perhaps
Sanatana has got frightened to know all
this and so has sent the servant to pacify
and win us over. But I, for my part, am
not coming down so soon; I shall not be
satisfied unless I get a good landed property
from him. Let me stand aside and observe
what they do.

[*Subuddhi hides within.*]

Enter ISHAN holding JIVANA by his hand.

JIVANA—Well, dear Ishan, I know nothing,
that old fellow—Subuddhi—has taught me
all this.

ISHAN—If my name is Ishan, know it for
certain, I will drive you away from your
homestead.

JIVANA—Well, I am a poor Brahman; I am
quite innocent.

ISHAN—Sirrah, your forefathers up to the
seventh generation have forfeited the right
to be called Brahmans because of your
conduct. Dare you spread stories about my
mothers?

JIVANA—Save me, sir, that wicked Subuddhi

has taught me all this. I say this on oath. That old fellow was here just now and has slipped away at your sight.

SUBUDDHI—[*From within*] Not a very good omen. Let me fly. Demonlike in appearance is this servant. He may fling an insult on me.

JIVANA—See, dear Ishan—there, the old fellow is flying away.

ISHANA—Wait, old fool; I shall burn your face.

Enter SANĀTANA.

SANĀTANA—What is this tumult about, Ishan ?

ISHANA—This Chakravarty and that old Subuddhi are spreading stories about mothers, sir.

JIVANA—No, sir; no, sir. I am known to Rūpa Goswami. I am not a man of that nature. Sir, just see, sir, Rūpa Goswami has written something for me. Here it is, sir.

SANĀTANA—Ishan, let go his hand.

[Ishan obeys.

JIVANA—[*Aside*] This is the chance to run away.

[Begins to go.

SANĀTANA—Well, Brahman, wait a little—stand for a while.

Itvaṁ—[*Aside*] I shall be a fool to stand any longer.

[*Exit Jāna*]

Saṁvatsara [*Reads a letter*]

"What has become of Mathura, the city of the King of Yadu? Where is gone Koulā—the kingdom of Śrī Rāmachandra? From these know it for certain that this world is ephemeral."

Brother Rūpa! you are fit to be my teacher. True, the city of Mathura is gone; Rāmachandra's kingdom of Koulā no longer exists. I know all this, but still I have great attachment to worldly objects—as if they will not have at any time to be left behind. I saw Vallabha a beggar, yet I had the heart to come and sleep in a palatial building. Rūpa lives under trees, and I am in a royal house. My Lord is a *Sannyāsi*; I am under the intoxication of the high office of a Wazir. What will become of me? When shall I be free from this attachment? The Nawab will not leave me—that is certain; I shall therefore flee. Well, Ishan, I am going away; tell the Manager to tear off the documents drawn by all my debtors. You please take care of your mother and tell her that she may give away my all to the poor, leaving only a

paltry sum for her bare maintenance. And you take this seal of my signature.

ISHAN—Where are you to go, sir? I am not going to leave you.

SANĀTANA—No, no, you had better return home; my wife will be anxious. There is nobody to take care of her.

ISHAN—Dear sir, I know only you and nobody else.

Enter two Officers of the Nawab.

OFFICERS—Good morning, our respected Wazir.

SANĀTANA—Good morning.

FIRST OFFICER—The Nawab had been to your place.

SANĀTANA—Eh! the Nawab?

FIRST OFFICER—Yes, he came to see you on hearing that you were ill, but he got a little vexed at not finding you at home. Instruction is left with this humble servant to take you to him.

SANĀTANA—Yes, I am really sick—sick at heart. Had just gone out for a walk. I am unable to pay respects to the Nawab.

FIRST OFFICER—Sir, excuse me. You cannot disobey the Nawab. Kindly accompany us, or there is a very hard order. Pray do not put the humble servant in a false position.

SANĀTANA—What, the Nawab has asked you to take me by force!

FIRST OFFICER—Dare I not be so impertinent to say that.

SANĀTANA—Then, let us go.

FIRST OFFICER—The elephant is ready. come.

SANĀTANA—Ishan, take the news home. Perhaps I may not return.

[Exit Sanātana with both officers.]

ISHAN—This servant cannot part from his master. I must know what happens at the Nawab's Court. I must ride behind.

Enter a Guard with JIVANA.

GUARD—Sir, you sought this Brahman. He was running away; I have just arrested him.

ISHAN—All right, leave him here. *[Turning to the Brahman]* Well, you Brahman, come with me to the Manager. I shall return your document to you.

[Exit Ishan]

GUARD—Go away, Brahman; you are fortunate.

[*Exit the Guard.*

JIVANA—[*Aside*] So much frown from a servant and so great an insult from a guard ! If I follow him, he will take me inside the house and behead me. No use getting back the document. So much insult to a son of a Brahman, and that for nothing ! Well, money is everything; money is all. If I can get money, I shall return home; otherwise not. Off all thoughts of wife; away all thoughts about home. I go away straight with this cloth as my all. Well, I have heard many have been cured of fell diseases by praying at the door of Śiva in Benares. Let me also go there and pray. If Śiva gives me money, it is well; if not, I shall starve myself to death at His door.

[*Exit Jivana.*



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GUARD—Sir, you caught this Brahman. He was running away. I have just arrested him

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[Exit Jivana]

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[*Exit Jivana.*





SCENE II.

The Court of the Nawab.

Enter SUBUDDHI, Hakeem, the Nawab and Officers, etc.

SUBUDDHI—Sir, it is a white lie that he has got a disease. Please ask the Hakeem to ascertain the fact.

HAKHEM—Why, it is you all who are troubling a good man. It is true, he has got no disease; but he is mentally very much disturbed: you want to outcaste him.

NAWAB—What? What is the matter?

Thirty-four

HAKEEM—Dear sir, your humble servant has come to learn that this Brahman—Subuddhi—is trying to excommunicate our Wazir simply because he holds office under you.

SUBUDDHI—Well, Hakeem Sahib, please do not blame me for nothing. The ladies of his family are going astray, and so the people want to excommunicate him. What am I to do?

HAKEEM—Just hear, dear Nawab Sahib.

NAWAB—You, too, have now lost caste [*spitting upon him*], as I spit upon your face.

SUBUDDHI—Ah, my God.

NAWAB—Do you know, Sanatana is like a son to me? And dare you still stand against him? Who is there? Take this fellow round the city and with the beat of drum proclaim that he has lost caste. [*To Subuddhi*] I let you escape with this much, as you were once a respectable man

[*Exit a guard holding Subuddhi by the hand*
Enter SANĀTANA.

Dear Mallik, to-day I have taught a good lesson to an enemy of yours. I have spat upon Subuddhi. Because of sorrow you have confined yourself in your house. Why

desires. Dear sir, I have no enemy outside of me; the greatest foe I have, lives within me. Better senses have all fled; I live in the darkness of ignorance with not the least devotion to the Lord.

NAWAB—Hakeem, he has gone mad. Please give him some medicine.

HAKHEM—Dear sir, some kind of epidemic is causing havoc amongst the Hindus—many of them look deranged like him, and mutter 'Gourā', 'Gourā'.*

NAWAB—Malik, do you also want to be a Faquir like Rūpa?

SANĀTANA—Dear sir, will that blessed day come to me when with overflowing devotion to Śrī Kṛṣṇa I shall pass my days on the banks of the Jamuna in Vṛndavana; with Śrī Kṛṣṇa on my lips I shall dance in joy and pass from bower to bower, the queen Rādhā will bless me: I shall be freed from the scorpion bites of worldly desires, and live happily in the company of saints; plunging into the depth of meditation, shall lose all outward consciousness and get the visions of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa within me; I shall enjoy heavenly bliss even on this earth!

* Shortened form of Gourāṅga.



SCENE III.

Roadside.

Enter SUBUDDHI and two Guards.

SUBUDDHI—Even now you will not let me go! How long will you carry me this way?

GUARD—Why, you have not had sufficient punishment as yet.

SUBUDDHI—Why still insufficient? Everything was done when he spat upon me. How auspicious has been the day with me—

*stone iron becomes gold—by the sight of
Gouranga man becomes god.*

SUBUDDHI—Well, let me ask whether a Mahomedan can become a Hindu.

KARUṆĀ—The man who has made Gouranga his all-in-all, is free from all desires; his egoism flies, he sees Him in all. He does not hanker after anything, but, with a mind free from passions, remains absorbed in meditation day and night. All his fears are gone; he enjoys divine bliss even in this life.

SUBUDDHI—So I see—it is not the work of any Gouranga.

KARUṆĀ—Well, Brahman, what is the matter with you ?

SUBUDDHI—What has been done is done. What will it avail telling that to you ?

KARUṆĀ—Whatever you may have done, however great a sin you may have committed, if you take shelter in Gouranga, you will be free.

SUBUDDHI—Can I get back my caste, my child ? As a result of much austerity one is born as a Brahman. Even by performing austerities like Viśwamitra, I cannot again be a Brahman; for he was a Kṣatriya, not a Mussalman like me. I shall thank your

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Gouranga if he can secure only my passage money to Benares.

KARUṆĀ—Well, Brahman, just see whether Gouranga can secure the trifle of your passage money.

[*She gives him her ornaments.*

SUBBUDDHI—, *Aloud* } This is certainly the
trick of the Nawab to send me to jail on the
charge of a theft. [*Aloud*] No, my child,
what shall I do with that ?

KARUṢA—You need not fear anything, Brahman. One who takes refuge in Gouranga needs no fear from any quarter. You also have uttered the name of Gouranga to-day. So you are also a devotee. One who takes the name of the Lord consciously or unconsciously, in faith or in fun, is blessed. You are blessed. Well, Brahman, just utter the name of the Lord to your heart's content.

[Subuddhi begins to repeat the name
of Gouranga]

*Where with him, while him he sees
and sees his language
Wonderful to the eye of divines*

I count all the women singing

SCENE II.—A great inn indeed. Now I
understand those who have taken to
Sanskrit in the name of Gouranga: their
wives have joined themselves into a
company—it is this. One who gave me the
bangle seems to be a known face. Yes, yes,
she is Rupa's wife. Unfortunate that I have
become a Mussulman at this opportune
moment: otherwise there was a nice oppor-
tunity to create factions in the village. No
more of this. Let me escape with what I
have got. If I can be a Brahman again, I
shall think of returning home. Ah how
much the kinsmen will laugh at me that
I spread stories about all and try to ex-
communicate them.

{ Exit.

X

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SCENE IV.

Prison.

Enter RĀMDIN, a Hindu sailor, ISHAN, and ALAKĀ in the guise of a boy.

RĀMDIN—Ishan, you applied to the Nawab, saying that there is a Kanna Brahman who can turn the mind of the Wazir Saheb; if so bring him at once. If he succeeds, he will get much landed property and you, too, will be rewarded profusely. And, if he fails, their awaits a terrible calamity. There is a

strict order that the Wazir Sahab is to be put in chains and he will have only gram and water for his food and drink. He has flouted the request of the Nawab and greatly enraged him. Just go and bring the Kanuya Brahman presently.

ISHAN—Here is that Brahman, sir.

RAMDIN—He is a mere boy, I see.

ALAKĀ—Please do not slight me for my age. Through the grace of Goura, I am well-versed in scriptures.

ISHAN—Sir, he is a great pandit. In age he is very young, but his scholarship is profound.

RAMDIN—All right, please take a little rest; Mallik Sahab is now busy with his worship.

ISHAN—Then let me go. I have no interest in listening to the discussion of scriptures.

RAMDIN—All right.

[Exit Ishan]

[To Alakā] What order of life you like most, dear sir?

ALAKĀ—Well, there is nothing like a householder's life—in it you can get *Dharma*, wealth, fulfilment of desires and *Moksha* as well.

RAMDIN—Just the thing. One who is a Faquir will have to run about for his food.

when will he practice any virtue?
Here comes our Mallik Sahib.

Enter ŚANĀTANA.

Dear Mallik Sahib, please console
me. The Nawab is greatly angry with
you and will put you in letters.

ŚANĀTANA—You have already informed me
of that order.

RAMDIN—Why should you make that strange
decision! Here is a pandit; please discuss
the matter with him.

ŚANĀTANA—Who will discuss?—please tell
me. I am no longer my former self; my
whole being is engrossed in the thought of
God, to whom I am dedicated. Hard, indeed,
to cross the ocean of *Māyā*! When shall I
see Him? Alas! who will help me to attain
Him? When shall I be free? In constant
ecstasy lives Śrī Chaitanya. When shall I go
to Him? When will my heart be appeased
at His sight and when shall I attain my
life's goal? Gracious Lord, where are You?

RAMDIN—[*To Alakā*] You please enter into
discussion with him. I stand outside. You
need not fear; he will do you no harm. He
is not really mad. A bad infection has
come from Nadia and he has also caught it.

[*Exit*]

ALAKĀ—Consider, wise man, how strange is your conduct! Why should you take to *Sannyāsa*, neglecting your family and your duties to them! Household life is the best of the four orders. One who is devoid of heart can hardly hope to attain virtue! Only from delusion proceeds the thought of leaving the family. You have got your wife at home; why should you leave her helpless—why this cruelty! What scripture will support this! If such was your idea, why did you wed at all! Who will come to the help of that helpless unfortunate girl! Why this strange attitude of your mind! No good man ever leaves one who is dependent on him.

SANĀTANA—I am not a Sadhu, nor do I pretend to be virtuous. I have no pride of supporting any dependent. I desire none of the four forms of human wishes. Who is a husband to whom! The Lord of the Universe alone is true. Who am I! Who is my wife! I am caught in the meshes of *Māyā*. But my eyes have opened through the grace of God. I hear the call from Him and feel no sense of duty. I have no duty except to serve Him. I am eager to go to Him.

ALAKĀ—Why this fear—this cruelty! The scripture says: Giving up all thoughts of

result, one should do one's duties unattached. If your wife goes wrong, you will have to share her sin. How can you then attain virtue? The great Rāmānandā was a king; Śrī Kṛṣṇa lived a worldly life unattached. Janaka also was a king—he had his relations and kinsmen. Is the world to be despised? If everyone is to be a *Sannyāsi*, how will the world continue? The highest thing in a human life is to do one's duties. One who neglects them is only a curse to humanity. See, how the whole world is smiling in the sunshine of love! Should you alone be cruel?

SANĀTANA—One who takes shelter in Gō is freed from all the fetters of the world. Who can expect to break the magic of *Māyā* without grace from Him? Give up all thought about the cessation of creation. It is due to divine grace that one gets dispassion for the world, which alone can dispel delusion. About the sense of duty? Just think a while and you will find such consideration proceeds from ignorance. "She is a wife to me"—with such thought a wife is taken care of; now you see that "me" and "mine" are the root of troubles. From egoism comes the sense of duty; the thought 'I am an agent' is the

magic play of *Māyā*. Only through delusion comes the distinction between 'I' and 'Thou'. The whole universe belongs to Him; it is He who protects and supports all. He loves all equally and human help He needs none. A deluded person I am. I am not a Janaka, nor a Śrī Kṛṣṇa or a Rāmachandra; a slave to senses, I boast not of doing work unattached. What human being can sacrifice a Sītā or a Lakṣmana?—can see the destruction of a Yādava race? or, giving up the royal splendour, can roam in the forest with Ṛsis? Man cannot be compared with them and he who has got evenness of mind finds that the world or the life of *Sannyāsa* has no difference for him.

ALAKĀ—Everything is got by endeavour. Can one acquire virtue, if one tries not? Mighty waves of the world frighten a coward and he flies away from his family. Can one who lacks strength hope to get *Dharma*?

SANĀTANA—To heroism I lay no claim; hence is my fear for the world. The sense of egoism it is that makes a man attached to the world; the dark ignorance leaves him not, and he gets anxious for children and family. Through delusion he forgets God and becomes a slave to duties. The love

for God is the only thing that man needs and should care for. See how Chaitanya, attired in lowly dress, is calling from door to door: "Break off the fetters of the world and come all who want divine love. Make God the be-all of life and forsake all else."

ALAKĀ—Thou, my all-in-all, what will become of me? I am helpless and depend on thee alone. I know nothing of love to God.

SANĀTANA—Who are you? Alakā? Go, leave me at once. No more delude me—seriously do I beseech you. Please make way for my love to God.

ALAKĀ—My Lord, whom have I got to call my own? Helpless am I, and who will come to my rescue?

SANĀTANA—Blessed art thou that thou thinkest thyself helpless. God helps him who is helpless. He is the Lord to me—equally so is He the Lord to you. He is the Lord of the Universe. Have refuge in Him alone.

Enter RAMDIN.

RAMDIN—Is your discussion over? The Nawab is coming!

SANĀTANA—[*To Alakā*] Go away now. No more trouble me, please.

Fifty-four

ALAKĀ—Never fail to give me a corner in your thought.

RAMDIN—[*To Alakā*] I know you are a mere boy and the Wazir Saheb is greatly learned. How can you cope with him ? Strange that you, too, are weeping like the Wazir Saheb ! Come, come this way.

[*Exeunt Alakā and Ramdin.*

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT—The Nawab is out

Enter Nawab followed by RAMDIN.

RAMDIN—Sir, he is a mere boy; how can he cope with him ? He went away with eyes full of tears and the name of Gouranga on his lips.

NAWAB—Who is that Gouranga ? Mallik, to-morrow I am going to Orissa. You give up these vagaries and remain in charge of the city or evil will betide you.

SANĀTANA—Dear sir, I am unfit for the task.

NAWAB—You can defeat learned pandits in discussion. You are not really off your senses; why should you not work, then ?

SANĀTANA—I am pricking all over at realizing God. Alas! where art Thou? Where shall I get Him, whom my pines for day and night? Where is *Sannyāsī* who has cut me off from home? I am eager to see him and shall die without that.

NAWAB—What! Have you become a woman?

SANĀTANA—I have lost all distinction between man and woman, sir. There is no man or woman but only one Entity which covers the universe and is the source of creation. In the world of darkness and effulgence bright is He, and He creates, preserves, and destroys the world.

NAWAB—Just give up this madness to me.

SANĀTANA—Sir, do me this favour, do not torture thy humble servant.

NAWAB—Wait, I shall teach you a lesson. Naseer Khan, take him to the prison cell, where worms live in swarms, where the sun penetrate not. Let him stay there in fetters with some straw for his only food.

SANĀTANA—Oh, my Lord! where art thou? I am

NAWAB—What, afraid even at this ?

SANĀTANA—Fear have I none—being resigned to One who removes all fear. The devotee of One whom Death himself fears need hardly be afraid of a prison-cell. Thou, Lord, forsake me not.

NAWAB—Ramdin, take this wretch out. If he comes round, have strict watch over him and send me the news. Or he will rot miserably in the cell.

[*Exeunt all.*



ACT THREE.



SCENE I.

Sanatana's House

Enter ALAKĀ, KARUṆĀ and VIŚĀKHĀ.

ALAKĀ—Dear sister, now I understand everything. I have got a sinful mind, hence I doubted you. Please forgive me. I did not know that your husband handed you over into the hands of God.

KARUṆĀ—Now you have understood fully, I believe. You should no longer weep, then;

rotting in the jail. You know everything, and surely You know that my husband is all-in-all to me. So long as he is in the jail I cannot devote my attention even to You. Thou, the Saviour from all fears, save me from my troubles. Ah, what is it? What is it with me? Why do I find the portrait of Śrī Chaitanya smiling? Yes, surely it is—there it talks—it tells me I should have no fear. What! Is it a delusion with me?

KARUṆĀ—Dear sister, you should have no more any fear; Śrī Chaitanya Himself has come to your rescue.

ALAKĀ—I shall know that You are merciful only if my husband is released. I ask no other boon of You. I do not know how to pray; but I have none excepting You to come to my help. Ah, what is it? The voice is again saying, "Have no fear."

KARUṆĀ—You are blessed, indeed. Śrī Chaitanya Himself has come to remove your fear. Through your blessings we also shall have devotion to Him.

ALAKĀ—Ishan, tell the Dewan I want to see him. And where is my dress of a Kanuja Brahman?

ISHAN—It is in your bed-room.

through these trials and hardships of jail life and teach patience to the world by the example of His devotee.

VIŚĀKHĀ—Dear sisters, shall we ever realize God ?

KARUṆĀ—What have you heard and seen so long ? Did not you see how the picture could come to life and talk ?

VIŚĀKHĀ—I also see. But my doubts are very persisting.

KARUṆĀ—They will go only when He will remove them. Let us make for the temple.

[*Exeunt.*



AMDIN—What will you read ? I know my fate is sealed.

LAKĀ—Why, here is the line of fortune in your hand ?

AMDIN—What does a mere line matter ? I know best how miserably I am eking out my existence.

LAKĀ—No, no; soon you will possess a large fortune.

AMDIN—Yes, after my death.

LAKĀ—No, presently.

AMDIN—Tell me, then, within how many days ?

LAKĀ—This very day.

AMDIN—Have you gone mad, thou fool of a Brahman ?

LAKĀ—I tell you, this night you will be a millionaire, forsooth.

AMDIN—Get thee hence, Brahman; leave off your jugglery of words.

LAKĀ—All right; let me sit here. If this very night you do not get the money, put me into jail.

AMDIN—Why, it is almost night already.

ALAKĀ—The money will come within the time of my waiting here.

RAMDIN—If that really happens, I shall give you whatever you want.

ALAKĀ—Many people make such false promises.

RAMDIN—I am a Brahman; I swear in the name of my God that, if I get the money this night, I shall give you whatever you ask.

ALAKĀ—Just see, you are promise-bound !

RAMDIN—Yes, I am.

ALAKĀ—Take this money, then,—this jewel worth more than a million.

RAMDIN—What ! Am I to believe my eyes, or is it a magic spell ?

ALAKĀ—Not a spell, you are really a millionaire; now redeem your promise.

RAMDIN—To whom does this jewel belong ?

ALAKĀ—*To me and I give it you.*

RAMDIN—Who are you and what do you want ?

ALAKĀ—I am the wife of the Wazir in the cell; I want the release of my husband.

RAMDIN—Ah, is it ? Art thou my mother ?

ALAKĀ—To release my husband I have disguised myself as a Kanuja Brahman; it is I who launched into discussion with my husband to-day. I take shelter in you, just save the life of a helpless woman.

RAMPIN—This is beyond my power. There is a strong order from the Nawab. He will behead me then.

ALAKĀ—My husband is quite innocent; this torture he is undergoing for the sake of God. He has kicked aside his position of Wazir, the position for which many a person will pray for the whole life; he has given up all his vast riches, faced the fury of the Nawab and embraced a jail life—all for God. You are also a pious man. Just help a God-loving soul. No evil will come to you. And if you do not do that, you will be involved in the sin of breaking a promise, murdering a Sadhu and killing a woman. Look at this weapon—with this I shall commit suicide before your very eyes. With much expectation I have come to you, and should not be disappointed.

RAMPIN—Dear mother, you have put me into a great fix.

ALAKĀ—What need you fear? You are a millionaire. If you want more money, I

shall give you. No longer you require this service. The whole of India does not belong to the Nawab. You go beyond the boundary of the Nawab's territory by the time he returns from Orissa and live a rich, happy man. You are a father to me, just save the life of your daughter.

RAMDIN—You do not know, mother, how difficult the task is. There is one hard-hearted Naseer Khan in charge of the cell, there are other guards also. And the Nawab's people constantly keep all information.

ALAKĀ—If it were not difficult to keep one's promise, to help the helpless, to do good deeds, everybody could be great. Greatness lies in doing a difficult work. Oh, noble soul, please do not deviate now; just give your help to a virtuous man, save the life of a woman and keep your promise as well.

RAMDIN—All right; be at rest, mother. I shall try my best. Just take back your money, or give it to somebody else if you like. I do not require that. The Wazir is a virtuous man. I am a Hindu. It is my duty to render him help.

ALAKĀ—Keep this money with you. My Dewan is standing outside. He will give

you as much more money as you want, if you want to make a charity.

RAMDIN—Do not put me under temptation, dear mother. If I am able to release the Wazir, it will itself be my sufficient reward. Money fulfils material needs; if I can do this work, through the grace of a Sadhu I shall get eternal bliss. Mother, can you tell me who that Gouranga is—whose name is that makes a beggar of a Wazir, a hero of a woman, and melts the stony heart of a jailor?

ALAKĀ—I do not personally know who that Gouranga is, but I have heard from my husband that he is a great Saviour—he is incarnated on earth to save the sinner and raise the fallen.

RAMDIN—Good-bye, mother. Let me see what can be done. You please pray to Gouranga that I may have sufficient strength.

ALAKĀ—Repeat the name of Goura.

[Exeunt both.





SCENE III.

Jail.

Sanātana.

SANĀTANA—Dear Lord, Queen Yaśoda would feed You with milk and butter. How am I to offer You these hard grams! Oh, my Lord, the only desire I have is to be with You, to serve You and to feed You with mine own hands. Why dost Thou put obstacles in that? Eh, who is coming there? Is it my darling Goura? Are You hungry? What can I give You? I

have nothing except these grams. But Thou, Lord, Thou art bound by a tie of love to Thy devotees. Thou didst not refuse the poor food of Vidura. Ah, there comes my Lord, Gouranga; come, my Lord, come to me. I cannot go to You as I am bound. Please come to me—let me drink in the joy of Your sight to my heart's content.

Enter NASEER KHAN.

NASEER—Sir, with your kind leave I would ask you a question.

SANĀTANA—Why do you come near me? It is the order of the Nawab that none should talk with me. Why do you court punishment for nothing?

NASEER—I do not care for any punishment. But tell me one thing, please; tell me whom do you call day and night—whom are you constantly in communion with? The joy that is yours in this dark cell life has scarcely fallen to the lot of the Nawab even. For whom do you welcome so much suffering? At will you can become the Wazir, but why have you given that up, and chosen to undergo this hardship of a jail life. Please tell me. I am a Mussalman; but be gracious unto me.

SANĀTANA—Well, I have sold myself to Gouranga; how can I be a Wazir again? I do not feel I am in a jail; for my Lord is with me constantly.

NASEER—How can that be, dear sir? I do not see anything. Who is your Lord?—*pray*, tell me.

SANĀTANA—*One who has taken the human body moved by the sufferings of mankind, one whose constant care is to raise the fallen and save the sinner, one whose love is infinite and embraces all—He is my Lord, He is Sri Gouranga.*

NASEER—Sir, I am also fallen.

SANĀTANA—Well, you see, He is waiting for you.

NASEER—Please tell me forsooth if He will really bless me. I have put you in fetters—will He be gracious to me? Will your Sri Gouranga favour a great sinner like me?

SANĀTANA—Why do you call yourself a sinner? You are a great devotee. Pray to Him, you will feel His favour.

NASEER—I am a Mussalman.

SANĀTANA—Hindu or Mussalman, rich or poor—He makes no distinction. His love is

great. Whoever loves Him sincerely finds the bondage of the world gone, for such a devotee even death has no terror. He is really very kind.

NASEER—Save this miserable sinner then, Oh Lord.

Enter RÂNDIN and ALAKÂ

RÂNDIN—Naseer, you will have to do one thing for me.

NASEER—Pray, sir, I shall no longer do any work.

RÂNDIN—What do you mean ?

NASEER—You may keep me bound if you like. But I am dedicated to God, I have no longer any work.

RÂNDIN—Thou, too, Naseer ? I am the only unfortunate man who is without any devotion to God. All right, you go; I have a talk with the Wazir Sahab.

[Exit Naseer Khan]

RÂNDIN—[*To Alakâ*] Mother, perhaps God Himself will manage everything for His devotee. I shall have to undertake no trouble. [*Turning towards Sanātana*] Dear Mallik Sahab !

SANĀTANA—Who are you ? Why do you trouble me ? I want to remain absorbed in meditation. Cannot the Nawab bear even that ?

RAMDIN—Dear sir, I am Ramdin. I have not come to give you any trouble. I have come to devise a means of escape for you.

SANĀTANA—Tell me what is that. But I have no more hankering for the trifle of a Wazir's job.

RAMDIN—No, sir; you will not have actually to be a Wazir, but simply write down that you are willing to take up the work. Then I shall release you at once.

SANĀTANA—How can I tell a lie? If I could tell an untruth, I could say that to the Nawab himself.

RAMDIN—Why do you, sir, suffer for nothing? If you will only write that down, I shall send the letter to the Nawab and let you go.

SANĀTANA—Why do you tempt me to practise falsehood?

RAMDIN—All right, I myself shall write for you. You come along.

SANĀTANA—Where shall I go?

RAMDIN—You are released.

SANĀTANA—Is there any order from the Nawab?

RAMDIN—No, there is none. He has left me instruction to release you as soon as you give the undertaking to serve as a Wazir.

Here I give you a swift pony, you may go wherever you like.

SANĀTANA—You will be guilty of falsehood before the Nawab!

RAMDIN—That is my look-out. I shall see to that.

SANĀTANA—No, I would not go. I do not like that you should suffer for my sake.

RAMDIN—This is sheer madness! What can I do? Do not you see you stand here in danger of your life?

SANĀTANA—Knowest not thou the ways of a devotee. Let the life be in danger, let the trife of this body go—the devotee minds that not. Death has no terror for a devotee, but he fears untruth. Even though a fire burns him slowly, a devotee thinks not of telling a lie.

Shame on the love for this body! Am I to tell a lie to save this—to save a bundle of flesh—and to make you also guilty, to boot? To such a counsel the devotee shuts his ears. Life and death both are equal to him. His only thought is to have devotion to the Lord and temptation can shake him not.

ALAKĀ—[*Interrupting*] Oh! great devotee, why this egoism for truth or untruth? The call has come from One whose servant thou art: it is His grace that has opened the gate of the jail. Wise as thou art, whence this

delusion of mind? You are bound here. The call has come from Him to go and serve—how can you remain at rest? A servant has no right to discriminate. Be like a straw drifting in a current. Right or wrong is the judgment of intellect, and why should the pride of intellect come to a devotee? He Himself is calling, whose servant thou art. The call that made you leave the world, the call that made you a *Sannyāsī*, is there. Hear that and go forward to be blessed with a vision of God.

SANĀTANA—Leave me alone and, pray, tempt me no more. Once thy love deluded me into the world. Why this trick again to lead me to falsehood? Go—get away from here and give me rest.

ALAKĀ—Who is playing a trick? Your mind it is that is playing tricks with you. If thou hast got so great a dread for sin, tell me, then, why didst thou, vaunting of virtues, leave your family helpless? Why hast thou no anxiety for one who befriended you once but now is in difficulty? True, no love for life thou hast got; but why shouldst thou not save lives which need protection from you? Why dost thou rot in a jail for fun? Go—go forward at His call, whose love has made you renounce all.

SANĀTANA—No more give me trouble, I pray.

RAMDIN—Sir, you are a prisoner, and as such you have no free will, you know.

SANĀTANA—As long as this soul is encaged in a body of matter, bound I am to all; but my mind—it is given to God.

RAMDIN—[*To Alakā*] Mother, I promised to release him. But if he refuses to go, responsibility is no longer mine.

ALAKĀ—You take him outside the cell. I shall manage the rest.

[*Exit Alakā.*]

RAMDIN—Naseer !

Enter ISHAN in the guise of Naseer.

ISHAN—Yes, sir.

RAMDIN—Who are you ?

ISHAN—I am Ishan, a servant to this master.

RAMDIN—How could you come here ?

ISHAN—Sir, as I stood at the gate, I saw a Mussalman reciting the name of Śrī Chaitanya. He had the dress of a Jail officer. On enquiry, he told me that his name was Naseer Khan and that he was in charge of my master. He is now going to meet Śrī Chaitanya, whom he has begun to love through the influence of my master. I took his robe and came to see my master.

RAMDIN—Look here. I release your master, but he would not go. What can I do ?

Enter Alakā, Karuṇā, and some women.

ALAKĀ—My desire has been fulfilled to-day.
My husband is a *Sannyāsi* and I am a
Sannyāsinī. Henceforward I am one
amongst you.

KARUṆĀ—Sister, there you see—your husband
has got on a boat ready to start. What will
you do?

ALAKĀ—I shall accompany you.

KARUṆĀ—We shall go from place to place and
carry comfort to those who are helpless and
miserable; we shall tell them, God has come
as an Incarnation: whoever will take refuge
in Him shall be blessed

ALAKĀ—I am under the same sail with you.

KARUṆĀ—Take this robe then, and pray.

[*They all pray and sing.*

[*Exeunt.*



DEVOTEE—My day is blessed.

[*He goes forward to take the dust of*

SANĀTANA—[*Startled*] What are you
I am the servant of all devotees.

DEVOTEE—Please do not withhold from
the privilege of taking the dust of you.
This is no exuberance of admiration
part. Let me divulge the mystery
Chaitanya in His ecstatic mood very
calls up your name. You are a
favourite with Chaitanya Deva.
give me your blessings.

SANĀTANA—[*Aside*] Is he so kind?
shall I see Him? [*Aloud*] Dear sir,
take me where my Lord is.

DEVOTEE—He is now in Benares. You
start to meet Him. I am going to see
birth-place.

SANĀTANA—Ishan, let us start immedi-
to have a sight of the Lord. [*To the devotee*]
Kindly do not let me escape from
thoughts. The grace of the devotee
to the grace of the Lord.

[*Exeunt Sanātana and devotee*

DEVOTEE—Blessed be the name of the Lord.
Wherever he steps in, a great spirit
wave is sure to overtake the land.

[*Exit the Devotee*

Enter Alakā, Karuṇā, and some women.

ALAKĀ—My desire has been fulfilled to-day.
My husband is a *Sannyāsi* and I am a
Sannyāsinī. Henceforward I am one
amongst you.

KARUṆĀ—Sister, there you see—your husband
has got on a boat ready to start. What will
you do ?

ALAKĀ—I shall accompany you.

KARUṆĀ—We shall go from place to place and
carry comfort to those who are helpless and
miserable; we shall tell them, God has come
as an Incarnation: whoever will take refuge
in Him shall be blessed.

ALAKĀ—I am under the same sail with you.

KARUṆĀ—Take this robe then, and pray.

[*They all pray and sing.*

[*Exeunt.*





ACT FOUR



SCENE I.

A Forest.

Enter SANĀTANA and ISHAN

SANĀTANA—Ishan, my feet are as if in fetters. I cannot walk. I am going to meet my Lord; why this condition with me? I cannot stand your presence. I cannot bear your sight. Have you got anything unholy with you?

ISHAN—Nothing, my Lord, to my knowledge.

SANĀTANA—I cannot make out any reason; have you got any desire left in your mind?

ROBBER—You will not send an information to the Police outpost ?

SANĀTANA—You need not fear any the least. I give you the sum quite willingly. I wish you happiness and prosperity. You are a great benefactor to me. Through your auspices I am freed from a man with worldly traits. You take the money, do not hesitate.

ROBBER—A real *Sannyasi* you are. For three days I have been following you, but could not say anything because of the crowd. I have all along observed, you are going your own way; but he is always particular about his clothes.

[*To Ishan*]

Well, it is very difficult to hoodwink us. You thought I have no other work than to entertain you. Thank your stars that you escape with your life; this is because of your companion. All right, here I give you the passage money and let you go.

[*Exit Robber.*]

SANĀTANA—Ishan, now you return home.

ISHAN—Where can I go leaving you, dear sir ?

SANĀTANA—You have never been disobedient to me. Why should you not listen to me now ?

You have still desires left in your mind. Go home. You will get a large sum from the sale of jewels which I kept with you. When your desires have been fully gratified, join me again at Vṛndāvana.

ISHAN—Dear sir, all life I have been with you. How can I now leave you ? Oh the cursed money I brought !

SANĀTANA—You need not feel sorry, Ishan. You told me you had a great love for God. Well, God never forsakes His devotees; so you need have no fear. But then *Karma* must be worked out. It is not yet time for you. When the time comes, give up the world. Yes, now you go. If you have any love for me, do not disrespect my words.

ISHAN—When will the proper time come for me, sir ?

SANĀTANA—That you will understand yourself. When you do not think at all of depending on anything except God, then will you know that God has become all-in-all to you.

ISHAN—Who will save me from the mire of the world ?

SANĀTANA—Take the name of the Lord, the world will no longer be a snare to you.

ISHAN—I bow to your commands. But Kindly see that I am saved in the long run.

SANĀTANA—God will look after you; have no fear.

[*Exit Ishan.*]

SANĀTANA—Lord, when shall I see You ?

Enter ŚRĪKĀNTA.

ŚRĪKĀNTA—What is it ? Why this condition with you ?

SANĀTANA—Dear Śrīkanta, do you come from Benares ? Do you know anything about my Lord, Śrī Gouranga ?

ŚRĪKĀNTA—Alas, the family is entirely ruined. All the three brothers have become Sannyāsīs ? Why this mentality, sir ? Why have you left your palace, and live under trees ? Why have you given up the Wazīr's office and taken to *Sannyāsa* ? Come, please come with me to your home. I went to Hazipurā to buy horses for the Nawab. It is well that I came this way. Please come along with me; soon I shall return to Gour.

SANĀTANA—Why did you come this way—to see Śrī Chaitanya Deva ?

ŚRĪKĀNTA—Not that. I came to see if better horses could be had on this side. Please

come to my tent. Alas, no cloth even in such severe cold? Please take this my shawl!

SANĀTANA—What shall a beggar do with a costly shawl?

SRĪKĀNTA—Who says you are a beggar? You are our Wāzīr. Please do not ruin the family; just come with me to return home.

SANĀTANA—Dear brother, do you believe that the music of a flute once made all Vṇḍavana mad? I hear that music; I hear that call! I am restless; what can I do? The Call has come from the Lord. I am no longer under my control. The Call has come for me—when shall I see Him?

SRĪKĀNTA—What are you muttering? Have you gone mad? Śrī Kṛṣṇa lived in the long past, what connection has that with the present age? Please return home and live a good religious life. These thoughts about Vṇḍavana, flute, music and all that will soon pass away.

SANĀTANA—That Call is eternal and covers the whole earth. Whoever hears it, goes mad. Terrible is the ocean of the world and its waves mighty. Their constant roarings make all men deaf and they do not hear the Call.

SRIKANTA—I see no chance of your going back. All right; if you do not take this shawl, please have this ordinary wrapper.

SANĀTANA—My Lord is in tatters, and I cannot be in this robe! Alas, my Lord in his loin-cloth goes from door to door. Let me also have a loin-cloth; let me go to see Him. I hear the Call—there—there it is—how sweet indeed! I can no longer stay. Let me go.

SRIKANTA—Where will you go in this forest? Close by is the Ganges and on the other side is Benares, where Gouranga lives. If you are determined not to return home, I shall ask my men to accompany you on the way. What a bitter cold! Please cover yourself at least with this horse-blanket.
[*He gives him the blanket.*]

SANĀTANA—No, my brother, you better go and let me depart.

SRIKANTA—[*Aside*] Where should he go? I shall rather arrange to send him to Benares. Else he will die in this forest. What a havoc this Gouranga is making!

[*Exit*]



SCENE II.

Benares Chandrasekhara's House.

CHAITANYA DEVA, RŪPA, ANUPAMA, CHANDRA-
SEKHARA *and some Devotees.*

[*Devotees sing together*]

*Great is the lustre of His Living Beauty:
eyes never get satisfied to see that sight.
I wish that life after life I keep His holy
feet on my humble heart.
Sitting in bowers, I shall string wreath after
wreath of flowers for Him.*

*And from wood to wood I shall go in search
of my Beloved.
I shall keep Him bound in snares made of
flowers*

*And, keeping my heart on His, shall drink
in the beauty of His divine Face.*

CHAITANYA—Who are you? Rûpa? And
who is it? Anupama? How dear are you
to me! Your very sight reminds me of so
many things!

RÛPA—Dear Lord, please give the dust of your
feet to me—one who has taken refuge in
you.

CHAITANYA—Well, Rûpa; well, Anupama,
you are great devotees and as such the
crown of my head.

RÛPA—Dear Lord, any order to us?

CHAITANYA—I like the dust of the feet of a
devotee—I long for the feet-dust of a lover
of Śrī Kṛṣṇa. I like the dust of your feet.

RÛPA—Dear Lord, please do not say that.
This is too much for your humble devotee.

CHAITANYA—Dear Rûpa, you do not know
that a devotee of Kṛṣṇa is worthy of respect
even to gods. Though getting this rare
human birth, one in a million gets religious
tendency. Generally all are devoted.

work Of these one in a million gets knowledge; of them, again, one in a million hardly attains devotion and you have got that. I expect much from you. Well, Rūpa and Anupama, you both have come; but where is left my Sanātana ?

RŪPA—You know everything, dear Lord. Anupama has heard that Sanātana has been thrown into prison by the angry Nawab.

CHAITANYA—Who under the sun can keep Sanātana in imprisonment ! Who can keep a devotee bound in jail ! Sanātana is coming to me, I can see. Well, Rūpa, you need not feel anxious for Sanātana. You just go to Vṛndavana and write a book on devotion as a means of giving immortality to thousands of men. Anupama, you are really *anupama* (superb); wherever you go, you will create an atmosphere of purity. You also accompany Rūpa to Vṛndavana. Rūpa will take care of the devotees of Vṛndavana and Anupama will be in charge of the temple of Madanamohana.

RŪPA—Please give strength to thy humble servant.

CHAITANYA—Śrī Kṛṣṇa will act through you; what fear need you have ! Your mission

will bring in devotion to many a stony heart. You start for Vṛndāvana immediately and begin work.

RŪPA—I resign to you for everything.

CHAITANYA—Anupama, you also go with Rūpa. If you stay here, you will meet Sanātana and there is some chance that old recollections of brotherly feelings may come to you. But Vṛndāvana is a land of Love Divine; *Māyā* has no access there.

ANUPAMA—I shall feel myself blessed, dear Lord, if I have constant devotion to you.

CHAITANYA—Certainly you will have overflowing devotion to God.

[*Exeunt Rūpa and Anupama.*]

How wonderful is the devotion of Rūpa and Anupama!

They have, as it were, bound Madana-mohana by the tie of love.

CHANDRAŚEKHARA—You have been bound by their devotion.

CHAITANYA—Say not that. Who am I?—simply a bundle of flesh. All glory to God—nothing to me. Chandraśekhara, just see if any devotee is waiting at the gate. I feel a premonition that somebody very near and dear to me has come.

[*Exit Chandraśekhara.*]

[*Chaitanya begins to roll in dust.*]

FIRST DEVOTEE—What are you doing, dear Lord?

CHAITANYA—The pang of separation from Śrī Kṛṣṇa is too much for me; so I am besmearing myself with the sacred dust of devotees' feet. If the devotees be gracious to me, the grace of Madanamohana also will be mine.

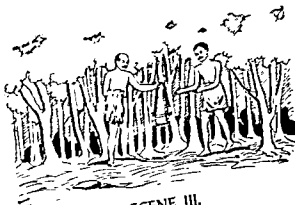
Enter CHANĀDRAŚEKHARA and SANĀTANA.

CHAITANYA—Sanātana, I have been passing anxious days for you. Where had you been quite forgetful of me? Come, let me have the pleasure of seeing your divine face.

SANĀTANA—Thou great Saviour, please release me from attachment to sense-objects.

CHAITANYA—You have given up the world in the name of Śrī Kṛṣṇa. You are blessed, the land you are born in is blessed. Well, Sanātana, one thing is forcibly coming to my mind. For the sake of God, Prahāda set aside the words of his father, Prahāda is blessed because of this disobedience. Bharata disrespected the words of his mother for the sake of God; he is indeed blessed. Love for God has made you flout the royal orders, you are also blessed.

SANĀTANA—Dear Lord, you know the secrets of hearts. I breathe a sigh of relief at these words from you. I had a great misgiving that I have done a great wrong in coming out of the jail through deception.



SCENE III.

Roadside.

RAMDIN and NASEER.

RAMDIN—Naseer Khan, will Śrī Chaitanya come this way? Shall I be able to see him?

NASEER—Dear sir, I do not know that. But everybody says so, I am waiting to meet him.

RAMDIN—Dear Naseer, no longer please me the former respect to me. You are a devotee: I would consider myself blessed to have your grace.

Hundred and two

Enter SUBUDDHI.

SUBUDDHI—Aye, can you tell me if Chaitanya will pass this way? Ah, who are you? Ramdin? Who is he? Naseer?

RAMDIN—Who are you? That Brahman, Subuddhi?

SUBUDDHI—No sir, I am not Subuddhi.

RAMDIN—Why do you fear, Brahman? Why do you tell a lie? I have recognized you.

SUBUDDHI—No warrant again you have brought, eh?

RAMDIN—We have come to have a sight of Śrī Chaitanya and be blessed. I have lived a sailor's life—a great sinner. Shall I have the good fortune to see him?

SUBUDDHI—Sir, can you tell me if he will do anything for me?

NASEER—Have you also come to Benares to see the Lord?

SUBUDDHI—No, sir; I came to Benares to perform a ceremony of penance. You have made me a Mussalman, you know. Now I am trying to get back to my caste.

RAMDIN—Could you do anything?

SUBUDDHI—No, I met many big pandits. They say, you cannot spend much money; hence

2ND DEVOTEE—Here is my Śrī Kṛṣṇa—

ALL (*Together*)—Glory to the name of Śrī Chaitanya !

CHAITANYA—How beautiful you look, Sanātana, with your new dress ! A *Sannyāsī* and devotee ! let the dust of your feet be on my head. You belong to Vṛndāvana; so go to Vṛndāvana and, writing books, render help to those hungering for religion.

SANĀTANA—As the Lord pleases.

CHAITANYA—Let us sing the glory of God.

They all sing.

[*Exeunt.*

The son,

*Take the name of God repeat the name of
God, and that with love and devotion.
The name makes the heart full of joy and
can melt a very stone !
In the name is embedded Love Divine.
Utter the name with love genuine and your
heart will overflow with love,
His Holy Presence will flash within you
and all your desires will cease, not to rise
again.
Peace unfeigned is brought by the Name
Divine; see that you forget never the name
of God.*



1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

6.

7.



SCENE I.

Vrindavana: the Bank of the Jumna

SANĀTANA

SANĀTANA—The Lord has played a trick with me. He has gone away to Puti and deprived me of the privilege of serving Him. I shall no more return to my cottage, henceforward I shall remain here on the bank of the river. Rūpa is fortunate. I saw with mine own eyes that Rādhā and Śrī Kṛṣṇa actually took the food offered by him.



"Mother, please give me your Ma Ramachandra, if He has no other son."—Sugriva.

from Mathura. I understand that there is a wonderful Image of Maḍanamohana in that place.

VALLABHA—Then let me go.

SANĀTANA—My humble salutation to the great devotee Rūpa.

[*Exit Vallabha bowing.*

Enter JIVANA.

JIVANA—Fie upon me. The same tree, the same earth, the same water of the river—nothing special here, except that there are some hypocrites in religious garb. Where is money? It is a fraud—it is all deception. Man or God—everybody is particular about it; none will hesitate to practise treachery with respect to money. Fie on Viṣveśwara* whose promise brought me here! What shall I do with this life, if I am to suffer so much? Let me drown myself in the Jamuna.

SANĀTANA—Why do you look so sad, dear Brahman?

JIVANA—Can't you imagine? I am driven into raptures by seeing a Sadhu like you. So just go and mind your own business and do not vex me.

SANĀTANA—This is a land of bliss, why should one be miserable here?

* Lord of the Universe, a name of Śiva, Presiding Deity of Banaras.

IVANA—Can't you understand? I love to be miserable. Just hear his silly question—why should one be miserable?

ANĀTANA—Here everything is joyful, none can remain miserable.

IVANA—Will you persist in that even though you see me actually? Can you disbelieve your own eyes? I have seen many places like your Vṛndāvana. To an unfortunate person all are equal. Well, Sadhu, let me ask you: is there any God in this Iron Age?

ANĀTANA—Is there no God? What do you say? You have come to Vṛndāvana, and shall see God face to face.

IVANA—Yes, I saw God equally face to face in Benares. You are mad in love with God! Will you listen to an incident? I belong to Bengal. I am very poor and somebody insulted me. I heard that every prayer to Viśveśwara of Benares is fulfilled; so for long seven days I remained without food at the gate of the temple and prayed. Then I saw in a dream my desire would be satisfied if I came to Vṛndāvana.

ANĀTANA—Truly it will come to pass, when Śiva is so pleased.

IVANA—I shall be a fool to believe such silly nonsense. I want money, can you give me money?

from Mathurā. I understand that there is a wonderful Image of Madanamohana in that place.

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SANĀTANA—Coming to Vṛndāvana, you hanker for a trifling thing like money?

JIVANA—And I am to believe you came for the sacred dust of Vṛndāvana! Do you now see whether God is false or not?

SANĀTANA—God is never untrue.

JIVANA—{ *Aside* } The fellow will persist still!
{ *Turning to Sanātana* } If you do not believe me, go your own way.

SANĀTANA—Do not disbelieve the words of God. Man may tell a lie, but God will never. If you really hanker after riches, now that you have come to Vṛndāvana, you will not meet with disappointment. Take, it is there—that philosopher's stone; just take that.

JIVANA—A cheat of the first water! You have thrown a piece of stone there and now you tell me it is a philosopher's stone.

SANĀTANA—Please do not disbelieve me. Yesterday my iron tongs fell on it and the turned into gold!

JIVANA—Had you been in Bengal, I would have got you whipped through the Qazi.

SANĀTANA—You have got some metal, you, I believe. Why don't you examine the thing for yourself?

JIVANA—All right, just turn this key into gold, if you can. I have seen enough of deception.

SANĀTANA—Just hear me. God is never false. He is true. Vṛndāvana is true. The sacred Jamuna is true. I practise no deception on you. Really this is a philosopher's stone and will turn your key into gold.

JIVANA—This piece of stone ?

SANĀTANA—Yes.

JIVANA—Is it magic ? Who are you, please ? Are you a god come in disguise ? Are you the Viśveśwara of Benares ?

SANĀTANA—Dear Chakravarty, don't you recognize me ? I am that unfortunate fellow—Sanātana.

JIVANA—Eh, Sanātana ? Indeed, really so ! No, perhaps some god in his guise ! What treasure did you get that you could throw aside the position of a Wazir ? What wealth have you got that you can kick aside a philosopher's stone ? Really God is true, Viśveśwara is true, Vṛndāvana is true, Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa are true, the sacred Jamuna is true—true—true; they are all true. What treasure have you got that you have no charm for a philosopher's stone ? Please

let me have that, I don't want the
philosopher's stone—you take it back.
[Throws it into the river.]

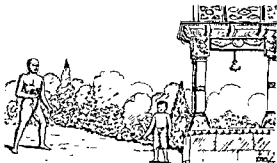
SANĀTANA—Dear brother, I am a poor fellow.
I have realized in God all my wealth: He is
the only treasure with every miserable
sufferer. You also take the name of God.

*[Jirana starts taking the name of God in
wild joy.]*

SANĀTANA—Wonderful is the way of Viśve-
śwara ! One wants poison, but gets nectar.
Glory to Him—glory unto God.

[Exeunt.]





SCENE II.

Mathura—in front of a priest's house.

A Priest's Child.

PR. CHILD—Madanamohana, why don't you come, brother? We shall go to the forest and play.

(WITHIN)—No, brother, I won't play with you, you have not given me my queen.

PR. CHILD—Just give up your naughtiness, brother; what will you do with a queen?

(WITHIN)—No, I cannot live without my queen.

let me have that, I don't want the philosopher's stone—you take it back.

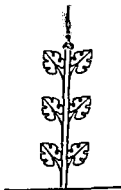
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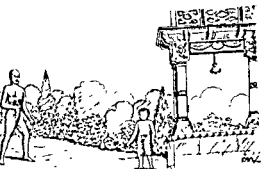
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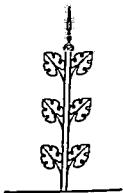
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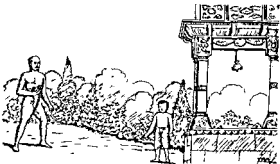
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PR. CHILD—Just give up your naughtiness, brother, what will you do with a queen?

WITHIN }—No, I cannot live without my queen.

PR. CHILD—Thou tell me where to get her.

(WITHIN)—How am I to know that ? You get the information from somewhere.

PR. CHILD—Ah, you are too stubborn, dear Kanhaiva

Enter SUBBUDDHI and SASARANA.

SUBBUDDHI—Dear sir, I went out on a holy round in the forest and have plucked these fruits. I shall feel blessed if you accept them. I am just going to see Rāpi Goswami.

[Exit Subuddhi]

SASARANA—Alas, Madanumohana has not come to my cottage; whom shall I give these fruits ? I hear there is an image of Him in a priest's house here.

PR. CHILD—What are these—forest fruits ? Who do not you give them to me ?

SASARANA—Have some and eat them.

PR. CHILD—For me to eat ? Madanumohana greatly likes forest fruits, but I cannot go far into the forest for fear of mother.

SASARANA—Who is Madanumohana ?

PR. CHILD—You do not know ? Mr Madanumohana plays with me. Sorry, I have

forgotten—Madanamohana asked me not to disclose this fact. Please do not tell mother about it.

SANĀTANA—What are you saying ? I feel so uneasy.

PR. CHILD—Why ? No fear. I shall give these fruits to Madanamohana, and after he has taken them I shall give you *Prasāda*. You will feel glad. How much does Madanamohana enjoy the forest fruits !

SANĀTANA—Madanamohana, where are You ?

PR. CHILD—He is in this room. Will you like to see him ? You see, if you could bring me a queen for him, you would find how joyously he would dance. It would make you glad to see that. There is Queen Kubjā in the room, but he does not like her. Oh, how nicely Madanamohana dances !

SANĀTANA—What, are you a being of heaven ?

PR. CHILD—No, I belong to Mathurā. This is our house. Will you dine at our house ? Mother will be so glad at that.

SANĀTANA—Yes, I shall take your *Prasāda*

{ *Begin to weep.*

PR. CHILD—Do not weep, please. I shall give you Madanamohana's *Prasāda*. { *Calling it*

mother] Mamma, mamma, look here,—a guest has come.

Enter Priest's wife.

PR. CHILD—[*To Sanātana*] Mamma, mamma.

PR. WIFE—You are my Nārāyaṇa. Come in, please.

PR. CHILD—[*To Sanātana*] I am going, brother. I shall feed him with the fruits and bring you *prasāda*.

[*Exit Priest's child*

PR. WIFE—Come in, sir

SANĀTANA—You are blessed indeed, dear mother, and I am fortunate to have been able to see you.

PR. WIFE—Please say not that, you are a guest—a veritable Nārāyaṇa to us.

SANĀTANA—Dear mother, I feel very hungry. Please let me know ~~now~~ if you have got any *prasāda* of your boy. Mother, your son is a companion of Śrī Kṛṣṇa. I shall take his *prasāda*.

Enter Priest's child

PR. CHILD—Just see, Madanmohana poured out them heartily.

SANĀTANA—You just take a little and give me the blessings.

PR. CHILD—If that pleases you, here I set some. Now, you can take

Sanātana and I thought too

PR. WIFE—Cunning boy of Yaśodā, so naughty and hard-hearted you are! You want to depart from me? Yes, such is Your nature. You cared not for Yaśodā, nor for Nanda or your boy friends—nay, not even for your beloved Rādhā; and it is no wonder you will part from me.

SANĀTANA—What is the matter, dear mother?

PR. WIFE—For three nights past Madanamohana has been telling me in dreams that He will go to him who takes the *Prasāda* of my boy. I am weeping so much at that, but He is deaf to my wails. He will leave me: I shall no longer be able to keep Him.

PR. CHILD—Well, mother, why do you weep? Let him take Madanamohana. I shall bring him every day to play with me. I shall never let him go. And if he at all leaves us, why do you fear? I shall jump into the Jamuna, uttering his name; that will certainly move him, however hard-hearted he may be.

PR. WIFE—Alas, Madanamohana!

PR. CHILD—Stop crying, dear Mother; do just as you have seen in dreams. You keep Queen Kumbhā with you. I shall bring Madanamohana every night to play with me.

SANĀTANA—Mother, please give me your Madanamohana, if He has so asked you.

Virtually He will belong to you. I
simply the privilege of serving Him.

PR. WIFE—I shall request you to take
care of my Madanamohana.

[*Begins to*

SANĀTANA—I am sorry, I do not know how to
take proper care. You will just
me that.

PR. CHILD—You are also cunning; or
why should you be in love with a
fellow? If you really do not know
take care, why shall Madanamohana
eager to go with you?

PR. WIFE—Queen Kubjā will belong to
shall not let her go. You please
little, I am just coming. Alas, how
sole Kubjā.

[*Exit Pri*

PR. CHILD—You see, give him his qu
he will not remain with you. Mo
scold him, so I go to pacify him. He
fears mother.

[*Exit Pri*

SANĀTANA—The boy asked me to R
t where shall I
culty, Madan
alone. Radh

Love personified and Queen of Vṛndāvana,
will Your Madanamohana remain alone ?
If not, how am I to keep Him ?

Enter RŪPA and VALLABHA.

RŪPA—Dear sir, please excuse me. I shall no longer write anything. Wretched writings of mine have wounded your feelings. You know, dear sir, how unfit I am for the task ! Alas, why did I compare locks of hair to black serpents thereby causing pain to a devotee. I do not know how much more my beloved Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa have been hurt inasmuch as a devotee's feelings have been wounded.

ŚANĀTANA—No, no, you are a great devotee; your writings are beautiful. While listening to your song, I had, as it were, a direct vision of Rādhā. You write again and, through the grace of the Queen of Vṛndāvana, your writings will be perfect.

Enter Priest's wife

PR. WIFE—Please come inside, dear sir.

ŚANĀTANA—Come, dear friends, to see Madanamohana

{ Exeunt all.



PR. CHILD—Mother, do not be too harsh; Madanamohana will grow pale. Just see, he looks afraid. [*Addressing Madanamohana*] Do not fear, I shall protect you.

PR. WIFE—No, I am not blaming Him; I simply blame my own fate.

PR. CHILD—Pray, mother, do not weep; that will be painful to Madanamohana. [*Turning to Sanātana*] Well, sir, you must give him his beloved Rādhā.

SANĀTANA—Where am I to get Her? Thou, Queen of Vṛndāvana, where shall I find You? Without Your grace, I shall surely not be able to keep Madanamohana.

RŪPA AND VALLABHA—Dear Rādhā, Thou Personification of Love, where art Thou?

Descends RĀDHĀ from above with Her Companions singing.

THE SONG.

*Look, look at the flowing beauty of Rādhā's
hair, looking like a serpent black,
The snake frightens, but hair trickles
nectar sweet
And that great Flute-player with care
affectionate softly dresses the hair fragrant.*

Hundred and twenty-seven

SANĀTANA—Rūpa, wonderful is your writing.
Just see there, how the tuft of her hair is
flowing like a snake.

MAḌANAMOHAṆA—Dear brother, I have got my
Beloved.

[*Madanamohana stands beside Rādhā and the
rest repeat the above song.*

Enter some Devotees, singing together.

THE SONG.

*The Love stands beside the Beloved and
Their face is lit up with joyous smile;
We want to drink in the sweetness of this
Loving Union, we like its beauty.
Their crowns on the head are knit with curly
hair, and, while casting repeated glance at
each other's face, both swim in the Sea
of Love.*

*One enjoys the beauty of the Other and both
bind themselves in a tie of Love.
Let us sing glory to Them; let us sing glory
to Them.*

[*Exeunt.*



